3 1761 04736542 4



Presented to the

LIBRARY *of the*

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

by

SCOTT THOMPSON

Mabel Adamson
from her old friends
Wm & Mrs Georgeshance
November 1899.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE



PLATE 24

WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS

Love's Labour's Lost, act ii., scene i.

The Comedies of William Shakespeare with many Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey



Printed and Published by Harper and Brothers Franklin Square New York

1900



Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.



Complete in 4 Vols.

Volume III.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

LIST OF PHOTOGRAVURES

Merchant of Venice

1. EXEUNT SALARINO AND SALANIO
2. BY MY TROTH, NERISSA, MY LITTLE BODY IS AWEARY OF THIS GREAT WORLD
3. AND FOR THESE COURTESIES I'LL LEND YOU THUS MUCH MONIES
4. MISLIKE ME NOT FOR MY COMPLEXION
5. TURN UP ON YOUR RIGHT HAND, AT THE NEXT TURNING
6. SONG
7. AWAY THEN: I AM LOCKED IN ONE OF THEM
8. A GENTLE SCROLL; — FAIR LADY, BY YOUR LEAVE
9. MY EYES, MY LORD, CAN LOOK AS SWIFT AS YOURS
10. NAY, BUT ASK MY OPINION TOO OF THAT
11. IT DROPPETH, AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN

All's Well that Ends Well

12. PARDON, MADAM; THE COUNT ROUSILLON CANNOT BE MY BROTHER
13. FAREWELL, YOUNG LORDS
14. NAY, COME YOUR WAYS
15. I WILL SHOW MYSELF HIGHLY FED AND LOWLY TAUGHT
16. KNOW'ST THOU NOT, BERTRAM, WHAT SHE HAS DONE FOR ME?
17. FRANCE IS A DOG-HOLE
18. ENTRANCE OF FLORENTINE ARMY
19. OH, RANSOM, RANSOM! DO NOT HIDE MINE EYES
20. FOH! PRITHEE, STAND AWAY

Love's Labour's Lost

21. THE KING'S QUANDARY
22. COSTARD
23. JAQUENETTA
24. WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS
25. ARMADO AND MOTH
26. BIRON AND THE KING
27. DULL, SIR NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES
28. BEFORE THE PRINCESS'S PAVILION
29. BOYET

The Merchant of Venice

But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Veiling her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it.
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman.
Gratiano and Lorenzo, fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard;
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.
Bas. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bas. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am, sir, an oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Fare you well: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bas. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bas. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty

To unburden all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
Bas. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and, by advent'ring both
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.
Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am pressed unto it: therefore, speak.
Bas. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

Oh, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* PORTIA *with her waiting-woman* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good-fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. Oh, me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a

PLATE I

EXEUNT SALARINO AND SALANIO

Merchant of Venice, act i., scene i.



living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them; and, as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, And you will not have me, choose: he hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness I should never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the other lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is little worse than a man; an when he is worst he is little better than a beast; an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will; I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK, *the Jew.*

Shy. Three thousand ducats—well.

Bas. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months—well.

Bas. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound—well.

Bas. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bas. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bas. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats; —I think I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bas. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bas. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curst be my tribe
If I forgive him.
Bas. Shylock, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft; how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much he would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot—three months, you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and, let me see— But hear you:
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast—
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this:
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much money?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.
Ant. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bas. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight.
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I'll be with you. [*Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bas. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Flourish of Cornets.—Enter the* Prince of Morocco *and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her* Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime

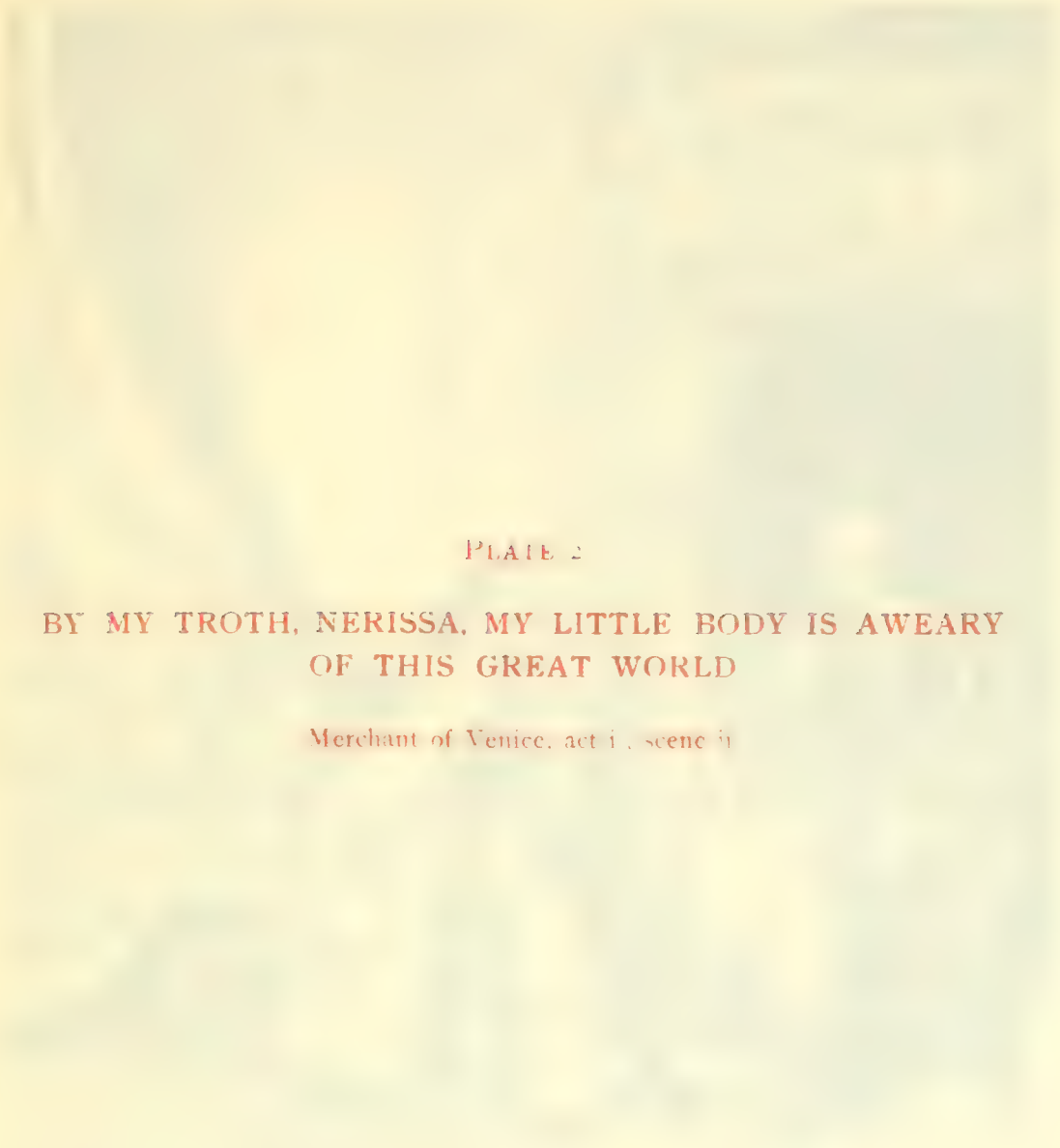


PLATE 2

BY MY TROTH, NERISSA, MY LITTLE BODY IS AWEARY OF THIS GREAT WORLD

Merchant of Venice, act i., scene ii.



Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young suckling cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: but, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.
Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good-fortune then!
[*Cornets.*
To make me bless'd or cursed'st among men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run: scorn running with thy heels. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; Away! says the fiend, for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, Budge not; Budge, says the fiend; Budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] Oh, heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now [*aside*], now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No, master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir?

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you. Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing: truth will come to

light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. Oh, rare fortune! here comes the man. To him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other* Followers.

Bas. You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bas. Gramercy; wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bas. One speak for both; what would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bas. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bas. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows'. See it done.

[*To a* Follower.

Laun. Father, in: I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well [*looking on his palm*], if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer

to swear upon a book. I shall have good-fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.

Bas. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit* LEONARDO.

Gra. Signior Bassanio—

Bas. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bas. Why, then, you must. But hear thee, Gratiano.
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
Bas. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. — Most beautiful pagan—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us—

Enter LAUNCELOT *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this; tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;

PLATE 3

AND FOR THESE COURTESIES I'LL LEND YOU THUS MUCH MONIES

Merchant of Venice, act i., scene iii.



What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica,
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house; I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it

was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder.
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Enter* GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo—more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself:
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you;
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,



PLATE 4

MISLIKE ME NOT FOR MY COMPLEXION

Merchant of Venice, act ii., scene 1



Bassanio presently will go abroad:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter* PORTIA *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription bears,
Who chooseth me shall gain what men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
Oh, sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing:

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,

Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.—
Cold indeed, and labour lost;
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go;
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along,
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—Oh, my ducats!—Oh, my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—Oh, my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answered, Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter into your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Enter* NERISSA *and a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The Prince of Arragon has ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
[*Flourish of cornets.*

Enter PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said, too: for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour, and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?—

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone, sir, you are sped.—

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here;
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
Oh, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord
Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.—*Enter* Salanio *and* Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.
Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—oh, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—
Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha—what say'st thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? What news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto—a beggar that used to come so smug upon the mart—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses,

PLATE 5

TURN UP ON YOUR RIGHT HAND, AT THE NEXT TURNING

Merchant of Venice, act ii., scene ii.



mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility—revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SALANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there; a diamond gone; cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No

news of them? Why so?—and I know not how much is spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill-luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill-luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill-luck, ill-luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripoli.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my torquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

[*The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought)
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. Oh! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights:
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bas. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bas. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bas. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess and live.

Bas. Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.
Oh, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then; I'm lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;—
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then! Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new crowned monarch; such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster; I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live. With much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Music whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

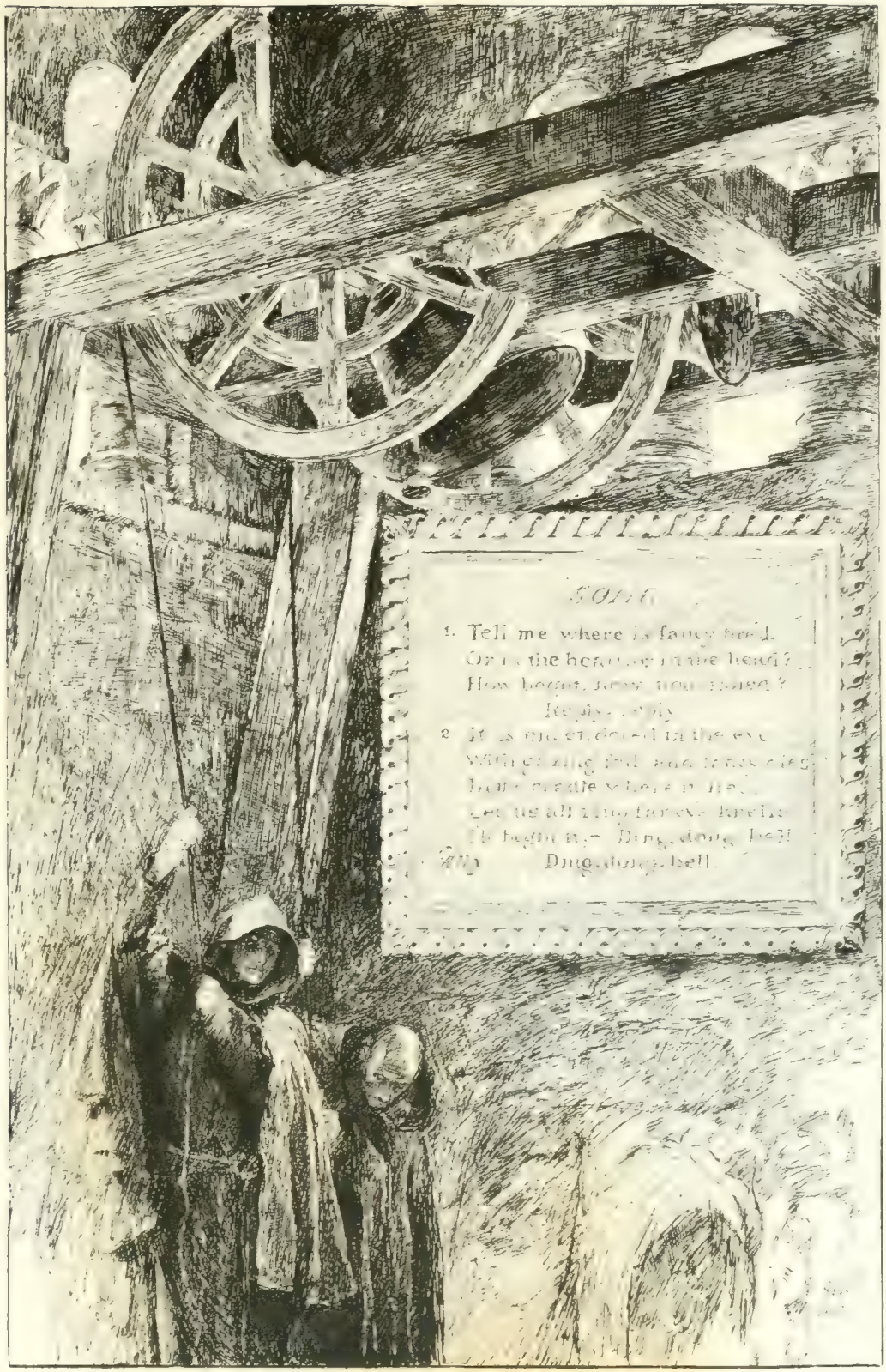
Reply. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

PLATE 6

SONG

Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene ii.



Bas. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And hear choose I; joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear and green-eyed jealousy.
Oh, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,

In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing—make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bas. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave [*Kissing her.*
I come by note to give and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no,
So, thrice fair lady, stand I even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, and ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised.
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bas. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude:
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing save of joy
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
Oh, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love: at last—if promise last—
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bas. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bas. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

Bas. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,

PLATE 7

AWAY THEN: I AM LOCKED IN ONE OF THEM

Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene ii.



I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
Bas. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*Opens the letter.*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons—we have won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon' same paper
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bas. Oh, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripoli, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bas. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bas. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bas. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. Oh, love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Enter* Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salan. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go.
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

PLATE 8

A GENTLE SCROLL;—FAIR LADY, BY YOUR LEAVE

Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene ii.



SCENE IV.—*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return; for mine own part
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies—
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal, then I'll repent,

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practise.
Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?
Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter. Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not—that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly. The Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah, bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. Oh, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words. And I do know

As many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.
Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter the* Duke, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour. Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he, a harmless necessary cat,
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So I can give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bas. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bas. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew?
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
Or even as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bas. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat them under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment; answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
Bas. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! Courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

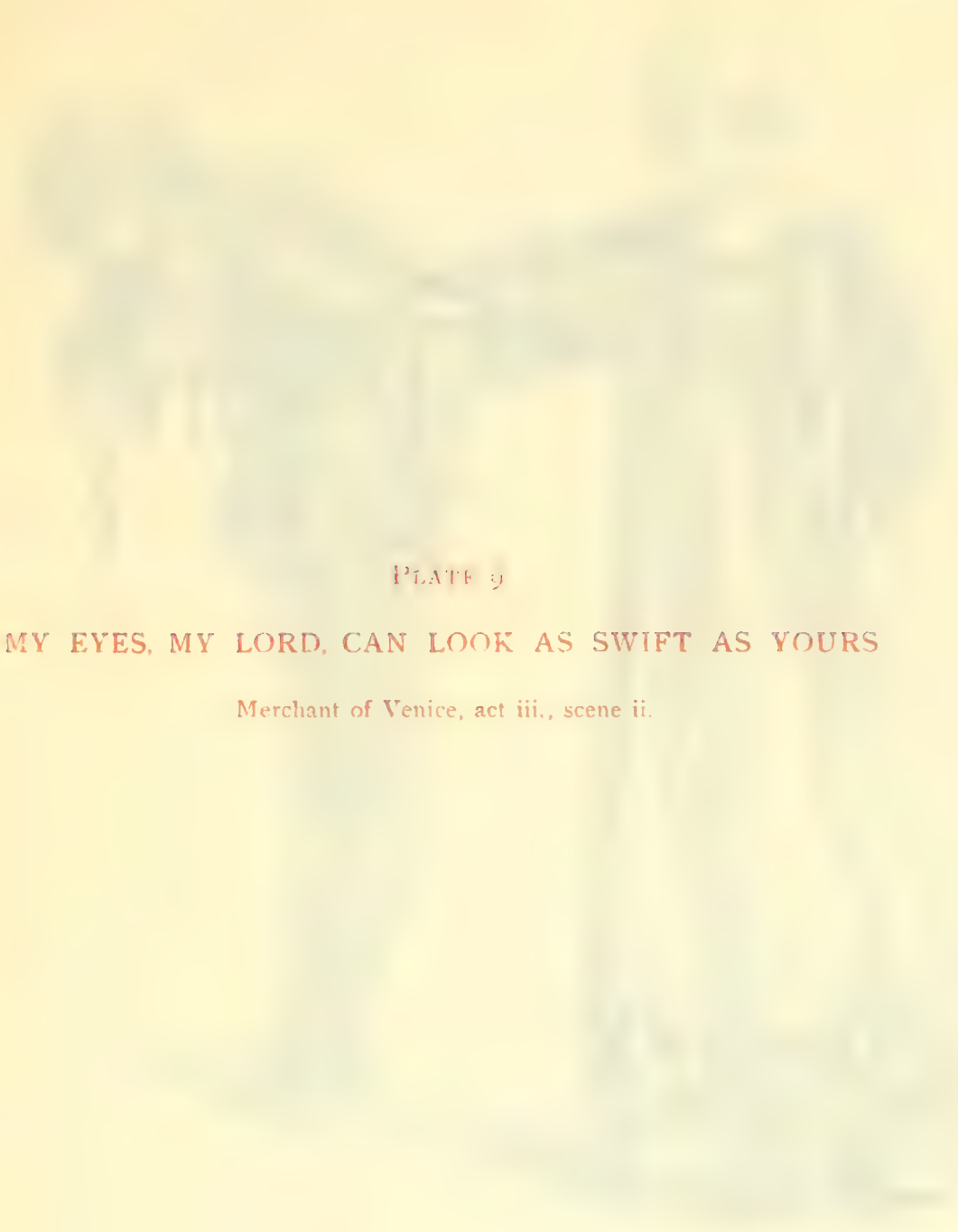


PLATE 9

MY EYES, MY LORD, CAN LOOK AS SWIFT AS YOURS

Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene ii.



Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruin.—I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court—
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
[*Clerk reads.*] Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy

between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together. He is furnish'd with my opinion, which, better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him at my importunity to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthron'd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;—
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
Oh, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul, I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. Oh, noble judge! Oh, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true. Oh, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond. Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. It is not nominated in the bond.
Por. It is not so express'd. But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

PLATE 15

NAY, BUT ASK MY OPINION TOO OF THAT

Merchant of Venice, act iii , scene v.



Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty, from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bas. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom, I protest, I love.
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter:
'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!—
Aside.
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence: come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. Oh, upright judge! Mark, Jew; oh, learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.
Gra. Oh, learned judge! Mark, Jew; a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bas. Here is the money.
Por. Soft.
The Jew shall have all justice—soft—no haste—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause?—Take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew,
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st.
For it appears by manifest proceeding
That, indirectly, and directly, too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more. That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other that he do record a gift
Here in the court of all he dies possess'd
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contended, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Magnificoes, *and train.*

Bas. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bas. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves—I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bas. This ring, good sir—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bas. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation.
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bas. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;

And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bas. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him—
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house; away, make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken.
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring. [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: we shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I.—*Enter* Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter.—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify I pray you
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—
[*Exit* Messenger.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark! [*Music.*
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they take

No note at all of our being absent hence—
Nor you, Lorenzo—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their* Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bas. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of, the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself; the judge's clerk;
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bas. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
Bas. If I could add a lie unto a fault
I would deny it; but see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.



PLATE II

IT DROPPETH, AS THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN

Merchant of Venice, act iv., scene i.



Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bas. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Bas. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have the doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself.
In each eye one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
[*To* PORTIA.
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

Bas. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough;
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd. I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly;
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bas. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bas. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift
After his death of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day;
But were the day come I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

All's Well that Ends Well

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, *an old* Lord.
PAROLLES, *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French Lords, *that serve with* Bertram *in the Florentine War.*
Steward } *Servants to the* Countess of Rousil-
Clown } lon.
A Page.
Countess of Rousillon, *Mother to* Bertram.
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the* Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *Daughter to the* Widow.
VIOLENTA } *Neighbours and Friends to the*
MARIANA } Widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

All's Well that Ends Well

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter young* BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon, his mother the* Countess, HELENA, *and* LORD LAFEU, *all in black.*

COUNTESS. In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam —you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (Oh, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit* Countess.

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to* HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. Oh, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself.
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour;
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak; unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to

accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall: God send him well.
The court's a learning-place; and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit* Page.
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier, in the which my instructions shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Flourish of Cornets.—Enter the* King of France *with letters and divers* Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.
King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—Let me not live—
Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime
When it was out.—Let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.—This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm—the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* Countess, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know

you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clown. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body; for they say bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they

PLATE 12

PARDON, MADAM; THE COUNT ROUSILLON CANNOT BE MY BROTHER

All's Well, act i., scene iii.



are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. [*Singing.*]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but on every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery

well; a man may draw his heart out ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clown. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit* Clown.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.—

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.
Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?
Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said a mother
Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother.
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross.
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other, and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor but honest: so's my love.

Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still; thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely and love dearly that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O then give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfulest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven; and would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Count. Dost thou believe 't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter* King, *with young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you;—and you, my lord, farewell.
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say our French lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*The* King *retires to a couch.*
1 *Lord.* Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—
2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and The next year, and 'Tis too early.
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By Heaven, I'll steal away!
1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals. You shall find in the regiment of Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it. Say to him I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.]—What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more specious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord [*kneeling*], for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands that has brought his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across;
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. Oh, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will,

PLATE 13

FAREWELL, YOUNG LORDS

All's Well, act ii., scene i.

My noble grapes, and if my royal fox
Could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty—say your mind to him.
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate.—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid.
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common-sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on— But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Enter* Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God hath lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir! Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and Spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my O Lord, sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir! Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back.
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows—
Par. Right, so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable—
Par. Why there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped—
Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—
Laf. Uncertain life and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in— What do ye call there?
Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect—
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—
Laf. Very hand of Heaven.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak—
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—
Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.
Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repealed, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

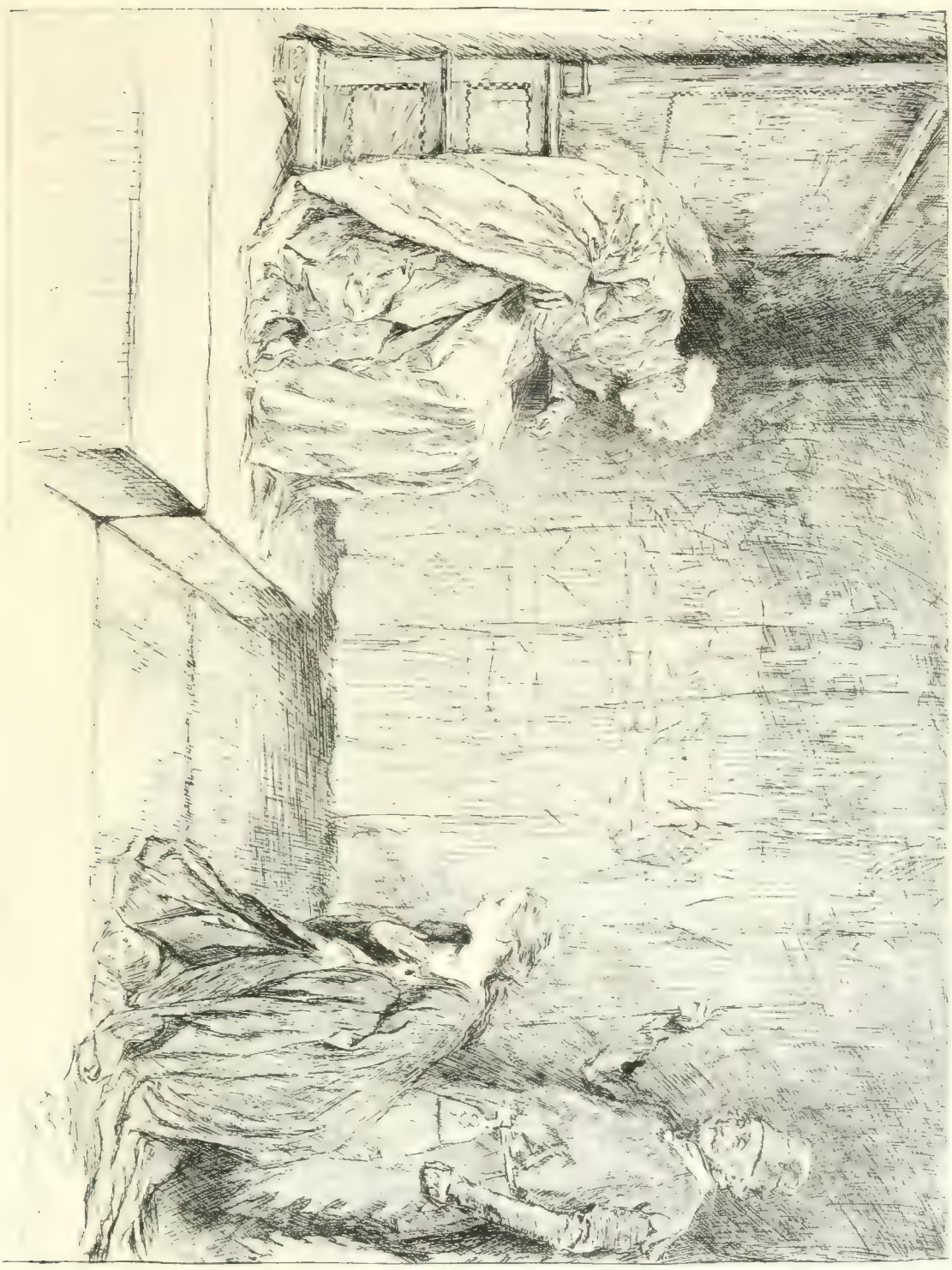
Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each but one!
Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek forever;
We'll ne'er come there again.
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?
1 *Lord.* And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:



PLATE 14

NAY, COME YOUR WAYS

All's Well, act ii., scene i.



Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons of mine I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord] that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet — I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you [*to* BERTRAM], but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;

She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good; without a name, vileness is so.
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive
to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good;
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur. A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My lord? My master?

Laf. Ay. Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ever dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee. Methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares forever.

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweetheart?

Ber. Oh, my Parolles, they have married me.
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars' fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable: we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard;
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly. Is she well?

Clown. She is not well; but yet she has her health; she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things.

Clown. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good-will to have mine own good-fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on have them still.—Oh, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave. This had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

PLATE 15

I WILL SHOW MYSELF HIGHLY FED AND LOWLY TAUGHT

All's Well, act ii., scene ii.



Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To* BERTRAM.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. Oh, I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAROLLES.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride—
And, ere I do begin—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and

know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur. I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting: only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell, hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much — nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord. 'Faith, yes—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? — Farewell. [*Exit* HELENA.
Go thou toward home, where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Flourish. Enter the* DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; two* French Lords, *and others.*

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Enter* Countess *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing; I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in

the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, Bertram.
This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. Oh, madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. The danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child

begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a *then* I write a *never.*—
This is a dreadful sentence!

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.—
'Tis bitter!

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses; more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* Countess *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.—
Nothing in France until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the non-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all. I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Flourish. Enter the* DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*Reads.*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.
Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much

PLATE 16

KNOW'ST THOU NOT, BERTRAM, WHAT SHE HAS DONE FOR ME?

All's Well, act ii., scene iii.



As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at overnight,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger.
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A tucket afar off. Enter an old* Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other* Citizens.

Widow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Widow. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Widow. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman, his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles. A filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is example that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Diana. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

Widow. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her.

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Widow. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you; [*A march afar off.*

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Widow. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Widow. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you?
Diana. The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
Diana. Whatsoe'r he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.
Diana. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Diana. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.
Diana. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Widow. A right good creature; wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleased.
Hel. How do you mean?
Maybe the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Widow. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Widow. So, now they come.
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Diana. He;
That with the plume. 'Tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife. If he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Diana. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places; were I his lady
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Diana. That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! Well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.
Widow. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers *and* Soldiers.
Widow. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host. Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.
Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Enter* BERTRAM *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination. If he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* Oh, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? This drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on. I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We will make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did resend;

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature.
Will you go see her?
2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Enter* HELENA *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Widow. Though my estate be fallen, I was well-born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Widow. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the county wears
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it; this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Widow. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Widow. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter* 1 Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter, for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is and he be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. —thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado.*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—
Kerelybonto.—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* Oh, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayest inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,

Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*
1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon and my brother
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.
1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform 'em that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
1 *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Diana. No, my good lord—Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind
You are no maiden, but a monument.
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Diana. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Diana. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more of that!
I prithee do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will forever
Do thee all rights of service.

Diana. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our barrenness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness. Then, pray you tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Diana. I see that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Diana. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Diana. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Diana. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me;
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd.
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Diana. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid.
Only in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Enter the two* French Lords *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since. There is something in't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting

PLATE 17

FRANCE IS A DOG-HOLE

All's Well, act ii., scene iii.



displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set his counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? Will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most

austere sanctimony she accomplished, and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? Where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

PLATE 18

ENTRANCE OF FLORENTINE ARMY

All's Well, act iii., scene v.



Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] He has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already: the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks. And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers *with* PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! He can say nothing of me. Hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if you pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold. Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.—What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase), that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] Demand of him of what strength they are afoot.—What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many;

Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.—[*Reads.*] You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.—What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him. He was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child—a dumb innocent that could not say him nay. [DUMAIN *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is

there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] Dian.—The count's a fool, and full of gold.—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid, for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score.
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid

to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians—to belie him I will not—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! He's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it: and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you. But fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *etc.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fooled, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth
And answer, thanks. I duly am informed
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Widow. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But oh, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozened thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! So lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours,
Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet, I pray you—
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us.
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* Countess, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.

PLATE 19

OH, RANSOM, RANSOM, DO NOT HIDE MINE EYES

All's Well, act iv., scene i.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clown. 'Faith, sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than here.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir—*alias* the prince of darkness, *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with

thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. Oh, madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face. Whether there be a scar un-

der it or no the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you. I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low. We cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold: you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,

And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Widow. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well; yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thanked,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*Enter* Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strong as thou speakest of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! prithee, stand away. A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit* Clown.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall hav't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. Oh, my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One

brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me. I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat. Go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Flourish. Enter* King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *etc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it. But your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'Tis past, my liege,
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly called mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither.
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,

A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall, my liege.
[*Exit* Gentleman.
King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she, whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused.
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature. Such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to it.
This ring was mine; and when I gave it Helen
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,

PLATE 20

FOH! PRITHEE, STAND AWAY

All's Well, act v., scene ii



I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged; but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour,
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed
(Where you have never come), or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so;
And yet I know not. Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing but to close
Her eyes myself could win me to believe
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[Guards *seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,

Having vainly feared too little.—Away with him.—
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending. Her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.
King. [*Reads.*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes and a poor maid is undone. Diana Capulet.
Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him; for this, I'll none of him.
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors.
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt* Gentleman *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow *and* DIANA.

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?
Diana. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Diana. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometimes I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!
Diana. Good, my lord,

Ask him upon his oath if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Diana. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. Oh, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis it.
Of six preceding ancestors that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been own'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Diana. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I, or that, or this, for what he'll utter
That will speak anything?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has. Certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddening my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate. She got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Diana. I must be patient;
You that have turn'd off at first so noble a wife
May justly diet me. I pray you yet
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Diana. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.
Diana. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false: you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Diana. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?
Diana. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?
Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her. But how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave,
What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Diana. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Diana. It might be yours or hers for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now.
To prison with her. And away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Diana. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.
Diana. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Diana. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Diana. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't.
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.
King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.
Diana. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both. Oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says:
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, etc.—This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
Oh, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
Good Tom Drum [*to* PAROLLES], lend me a handkerchief. So, I thank thee; wait on me home. I'll make a sport with thee. Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To* DIANA.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower.
For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done;
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

Love's Labour's Lost

PERSONS REPRESENTED

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN — *Lords, attending on the* King.
BOYET, MERCADE — *Lords, attending on the* Princess of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a Constable.*
COSTARD, *a Clown.*
MOTH, *Page to* Armado.
A Forester.
Princess of France.
ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE — *Ladies, attending on the* Princess.
JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

Love's Labour's Lost

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bait his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is: To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day);
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
Oh, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies—study—fast—not sleep.
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please,
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?
King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know.
As thus: To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
Biron. Well, say I am. Why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
King. Well, sit you out. Go home, Biron. Adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you;
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. [*Reads.*] Item: That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.—Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] On pain of losing her tongue.—Who devised this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.—
[*Reads.*] Item: If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father.
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should.
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire: so won, so lost.
King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall break for me—
I am forsworn on mere necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough. But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

PLATE 21

THE KING'S QUANDARY

Love's Labour's Lost, act i., scene i.

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction. And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God and body's fostering patron.—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. —[*Reads.*] So it is—

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!—

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*Reads.*] So it is besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where. It standeth north-northeast and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth—

Cost. Me.

King. —[*Reads.*] that unlettered, small-knowing soul—

Cost. Me.

King. —[*Reads.*] that shallow vassal—

Cost. Still me.

King. —[*Reads.*] which, as I remember, hight Costard—

Cost. Oh, me!

King. —[*Reads.*] sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—oh, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith—

Cost. With a wench.

King. —[*Reads.*] with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.—

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. —[*Reads.*] For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain), I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It was so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Biron, see him delivered o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* King, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary—crosses love not him. [*Aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour

of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage! for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter. And he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown.

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard. She deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he

loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Enter the* Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker. Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years
No woman may approach his silent court;
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.

PLATE 22

COSTARD

Love's Labour's Lost, act i., scene i.



Tell him the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike. Is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies; are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much have I learned,
He rather means to lodge you in the field
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies masque.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping.
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your masque!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
Being but the one-half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we (as neither have)
Received that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain

Prin. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell.
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* King *and his train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My Physic says ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No *point*, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit* LONGAVILLE.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir. Adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit* BIRON; *ladies unmasque.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep and I pasture. Shall that finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.
The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his bookmen, for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours do make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire;
His heart like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed.

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair;
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth from whence they were glass'd,
Did point out to buy them along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes;
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion. Boyet is disposed—

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.—*Enter* Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with the feet, humour it with turning up your eye; sigh a note and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublets, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pockets, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But oh—but oh—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant. By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.



PLATE 23

JAQUENETTA

Love's Labour's Lost, act i., scene ii.



Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he;
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble, and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour give thee place.
My herald is returned.

Re-enter MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle. Come, thy *l'envoy;* begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in the mail, sir. Oh, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. Oh, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy.*

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy.* Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stayed the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy:*
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three—

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose; that's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, and your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then called you for the *l'envoy.*

Cost. True, and I for a plantain. Thus came your argument in.
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me, how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy.*

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. Oh, marry me to one Frances: I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration [*giving him money*], for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!— [*Exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! Oh, that's the Latin word for three farthings. Three farthings — remuneration. *What's the price of this inkle? A penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration.* Why, it carries it. Remuneration. Why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. Oh, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. Oh, why then, three-farthings' worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be with you!

Biron. Oh, stay, slave; I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. Oh, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. Oh, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon! Oh, sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon! I will do it, sir, in print. Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. Oh!—and I forsooth in love! I that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors. Oh, my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And among three, to love the worst of all,
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Enter the* Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the king that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was he showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What? what? first praise me, and then again say no?
Oh, short-lived pride! Not fair? Alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow. Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest? It is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. Oh, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] By Heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true that thou art beauteous: truth itself that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar (oh, base and obscure vulgar!), *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame. He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The king's. The captive is enriched. On whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial. On whose side? The king's? No, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison. Thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? Robes? For tittles? Titles? For thyself? Me? Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane

my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my Lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit* Princess *and train.*

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. [*Singing.*] Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. [*Singing.*] And I cannot, cannot, cannot,
And I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* ROSALINE *and* KATHARINE.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot! for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! Oh, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good-night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side—oh, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page at other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola. [*Shouting within. Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.—*Enter* HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! Yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication, *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!* Oh, thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.
But, *omne bene*, say I, being of an old father's mind;
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men. Can you tell by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna, Goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And wrought not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old. And I say beside that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And to humour the ignorant I have called the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. *Per ge*, good Master Holofernes, *per ge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility:

The praiseful princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell! Put l to sore, and sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel, the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores: oh, sore L!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur:* a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, Master Person.

Hol. Master Person — *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! A good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine. 'Tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Vinegia, Vinegia,
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—what, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder
(Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire);
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings Heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and

golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: [*Reads.*] To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.—I will look again on the intellect of the letter for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

[*Reads.*] Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron.—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty. Adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses. Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir [*to* DULL], I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Enter* BIRON *with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself. They have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. Oh, but her eye—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her: yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan; [*He stands aside.*

Enter the King.

King. Ah, me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by Heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. I' faith, secrets.

King. [*Reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?—
[*The* King *steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!
[*Aside.*
Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers. [*Aside.*
King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame!
[*Aside.*
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.
[*Aside.*
Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?
Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move;
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Biron. [*Aside.*] Oh, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.
Long. This same shall go.
[*He reads the sonnet.*

PLATE 25

ARMADO AND MOTH

Love's Labour's Lost, act iii., scene i.



Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument),
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee,
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow: in thee it is;
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?
Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.

Enter DUMAIN.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transformed: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*
Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth she is but corporal; there you lie. [*Aside.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
Biron. An amber-coloured raven was well noted. [*Aside.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. Oh, that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then, incision
Would let her out in saucers. Sweet misprision!
[*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
[*Aside.*

Dum. [*Reads his sonnet.*]

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee—
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
Oh, would the King, Biron, and Longaville
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,
For none offend where all alike do dote.
Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be overheard, and taken napping so.
King. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* LONGAVILLE.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
[*Descends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears.
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

You found his mote; the king your mote did see,
But I a beam do find in each of three.
Oh, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
Oh, me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys?
Where lies thy grief, Oh, tell me, good Dumain?
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I that am honest, I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in,
I am betray'd by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?
King. Soft. Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jac. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What, makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jac. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jac. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*To* COSTARD.
You were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
Oh, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, oh, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be.
The sea will ebb and flow, Heaven will show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands, must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
Oh, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
Fie, painted rhetoric! Oh, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
Oh, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!
King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
Oh, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. Oh, paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night,
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
Oh, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*
Biron. Oh, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. Oh, vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. Oh, nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. Oh, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. Oh, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms:
Consider what you first did swear unto—
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book.
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study, too, the causer of your vow,
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
Oh, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

PLATE 26

BIRON AND THE KING

Love's Labour's Lost, act iv., scene iii.



A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
Oh, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them, too; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Enter* HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise com-

panions; such rackers of orthography as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt: d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur* nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne. This is abhominable (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie. *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *bene: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit.

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. Quare chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD, *aside.*

Cost. Oh, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur [*to* HOL.], are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it: o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum,

a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap, quick and home. It rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant. Go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa;* a gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. And I had but one penny in the world thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. Oh, and the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill,* at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons,* the hill.

Arm. At you sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, *sans* question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posterior of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend. For what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too; but let that pass: for

I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweetheart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is — but, sweetheart, I do implore secrecy — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. — Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman —before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Enter the* Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweethearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in;
A lady walled about with diamonds!—
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he killed your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died. Had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
Ros. Look what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not. Oh, that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason; for past cure is still past care.
Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too.
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. I would you knew;
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favours were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
Oh, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Anything like?
Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! How! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter.
Oh, that your face were full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
Prin. But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
Oh, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. Oh, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised.
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

PLATE 27

DULL, SIR NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES

Love's Labour's Lost, act iv., scene ii.



Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear—
That, by-and-by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy replied, An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubbed his elbow, thus; and fleered, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, *Via!* we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd, and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turned on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians. As I guess,
The purpose is to parle, to court, and dance,
And every one his love feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be tasked;
For, ladies, we will every one be masqued;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine.
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favors too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs.
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penned speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away his face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own.
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be masqued, the masquers come.

[*The Ladies masque.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in Russian habits, and masqued;* Moth, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames.
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turned their—backs—to mortal views!
Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal views!
Out—
Boyet. True; out, indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—
with your sun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? Begone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on the grass.
Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds removed) upon our wat'ry eyne.
Ros. Oh, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bidst me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play music, then; nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet—no dance—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How came you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends—
Courtesy, sweethearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,
Take that you for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. Oh, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your masque,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt* King, Lords, MOTH, *Music, and* Attendants.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. Oh, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. Oh, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart,
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? The king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies masqued are roses in their bud;
Dismasqued, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised;
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, *and* Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve, too, and lisp. Why, this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences that will not die in debt
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, *ushered by* Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, *and* Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in perjured men.

PLATE 2[c]

BEFORE THE PRINCESS'S PAVILION

Love's Labour's Lost, act v., scene ii



King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke,
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. Oh, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit. Here they stayed an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light. Your capacity
Is of that nature that, to your huge store,
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. Oh, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!—Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
Oh! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical—these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white glove (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes.
And, to begin, wench—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.
Ros. *Sans*, *sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;
Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies,
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes.
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.
Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression,
Some fair excuse.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
King. Upon mine honour, no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
Ros. By Heaven, you did; and, to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon, me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't.—Here was a consent
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment),
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is.—And might not you [*To* BOYET.
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.—

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know.
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am (as they say, but to parfect one man, e'en one poor man) Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now;

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents.
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converses with the* King, *and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement. [*Exit* ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy—
Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* King, Princess, *etc.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

Enter COSTARD *armed, for* Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am—
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. I Pompey am—
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.
Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big—
Dum. The Great.
Cost. It is great, sir—Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did made my foe to sweat.
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.—
If your ladyship would say, Thanks, Pompey, I had done.
Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.
Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in Great.
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL *armed, for* Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.
Boyet. Your nose says no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Biron. Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.
Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.
Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. Oh, sir [*To* NATH.], you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander [Nath. *retires*]. There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis — a little o'erparted. But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. [*Exit* NATHANIEL.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for* Judas, *and* MOTH *armed, for* Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus*,
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus:*
Quontam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. Judas I am.—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, Sir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.



PLATE 29

BOYET

Love's Labour's Lost, act v., scene ii.



Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. And thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him—Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best endued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he breath'd he was a man. But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty [*to the* Princess], bestow on me the sense of hearing [BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. 'Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a Northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reasons have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, MONSIEUR MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life.
Mer. Even so; my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt* Worthies.

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits.
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false forever to be true
To those that make us both—fair ladies, you.
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this:
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come, challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and honesty,
With threefold love, I wish you all these three.

Dum. Oh, shall I say I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of mine heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal to win me, if you please
(Without the which I am not to be won),
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
[*To the* King.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Halloa! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Spring. *When daisies pied, and violets blue,*
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo—oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo—oh, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF VOL. III